

#2

A NEW VISION BY KEVIN LAU

# VAMPiRE

LAU  
CONWAY  
NG







# VAMPI

*Written by*  
**DAVID CONWAY**

*Pencils by*  
**KEVIN LAU**

*Inks by*  
**KAMNING NG**

*Letters by*  
**KELL-O-GRAPHICS**

*Colors by*  
**AVALON STUDIOS**

*Special thanks to*  
**CHRIS CANIANO**

*For more Vampi and Vampirella visit:*

**[WWW.DYNAMITE.COM](http://WWW.DYNAMITE.COM)**  
**[WWW.VAMPIRELLA.COM](http://WWW.VAMPIRELLA.COM)**



PAIN.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND  
ITS TRUE NATURE?

PAIN IS  
LOSS.

LOSS  
AND THE  
MEMORY OF  
LOSS.


MEMORY  
BEING SOMETHING  
NATURE MERCIFULLY  
DENIED THESE  
DELIGHTFUL  
CREATURES.

OF COURSE,  
NATURE IS LESS  
COMPASSIONATE IN  
HUMANITY'S  
CASE.

OUR  
SOPHISTICATED  
NERVOUS SYSTEMS--  
AND THE UNIQUE FACULTY  
OF MEMORY--ARE BOTH  
A BLESSING AND  
A CURSE.

GIVING US  
CAPACITY TO  
EXPERIENCE--  
AND REMEMBER--  
THE MOST  
EXCRUCIATING  
PAIN.





AND  
THE MOST  
EXQUISITE TORMENT  
OF ALL IS THE  
MEMORY OF AN  
IRREPLACEABLE  
LOSS.

THEY SAY  
ONE CONTINUES  
TO FEEL THE PAIN  
OF A SEVERED LIMB  
LONG AFTER IT'S BEEN  
AMPUTATED.





IT'S AN  
INTRIGUING  
IDEA.



...THEN YOU MUST  
BE SUFFERING  
DELICIOUSLY  
RIGHT NOW.

AND ASSUMING  
IT'S TRUE...



FISH ARE SUCH  
FASCINATING  
CREATURES.

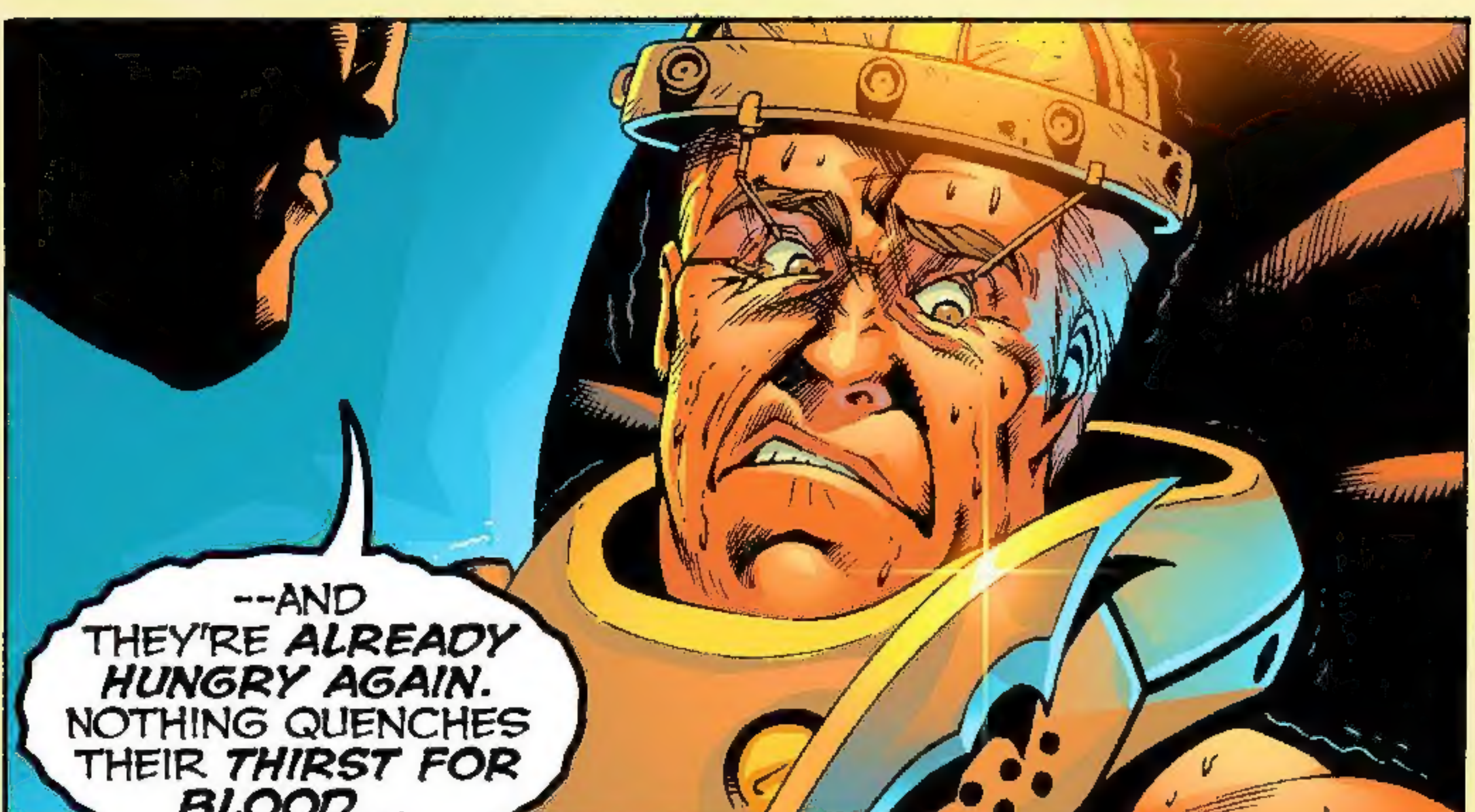
A MEMORY SPAN  
MEASURED IN  
SECONDS.



THEY ARE SIMPLY  
INSTINCT-DEFINED  
BY APPETITE."



BY  
NOW THEY'VE  
FORGOTTEN THAT  
THEY'VE JUST  
EATEN.



---AND  
THEY'RE ALREADY  
HUNGRY AGAIN.  
NOTHING QUENCHES  
THEIR THIRST FOR  
BLOOD...





...THAT IS THE  
NATURE OF  
ADDICTION...



IT'S A SOURCE  
OF STRENGTH...

IT'S  
UP TO  
YOU NOW,  
SLICK.

YOU  
TELL ME  
WHAT I WANT  
TO KNOW--



...AND WEAKNESS.



PAIN--

--OR YOU  
MAKE A BIG  
SPLASH ON THE  
SIDEWALK.



--AND RELIEF.



IT'S A  
TEMPTATION  
GREATER  
THAN SIN.

WH-WHY  
SHOULD I  
TUH-TRUST YOU,  
MAN?

YOU'RE  
A FRIGGIN'  
VAMPIRE, MAN--  
A BLOODSUCKING  
KILLER!

"BLOODSUCKING  
KILLER,"  
HUH?



STRONGER  
THAN DESIRE.



IT IS THE  
HUNGER OF  
DEATH ITSELF...

IF  
YOU KNEW  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
ME, YOU'D  
KNOW--



...INSATIABLE.



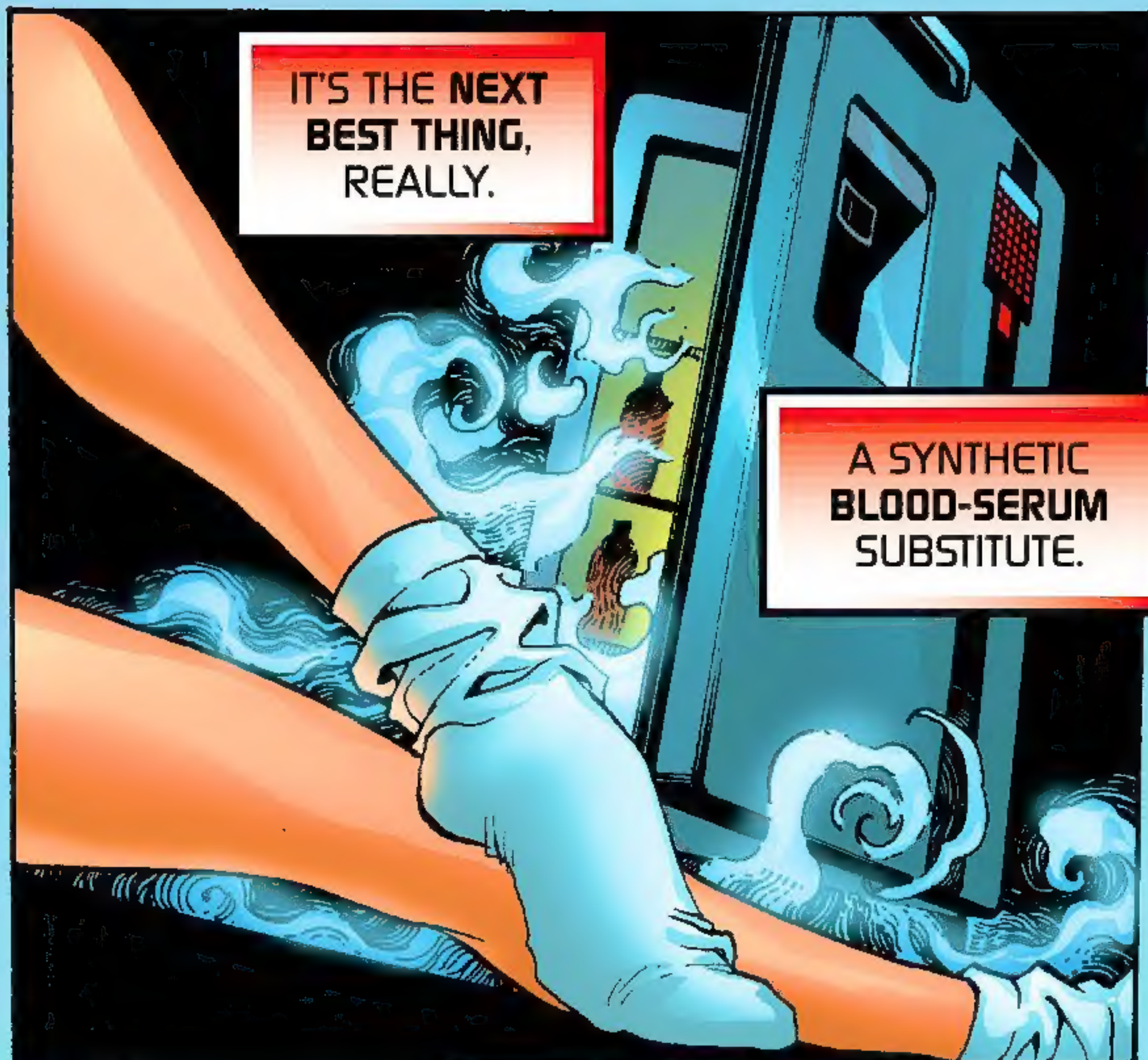
--I DON'T DRINK  
BLOOD ANYMORE!





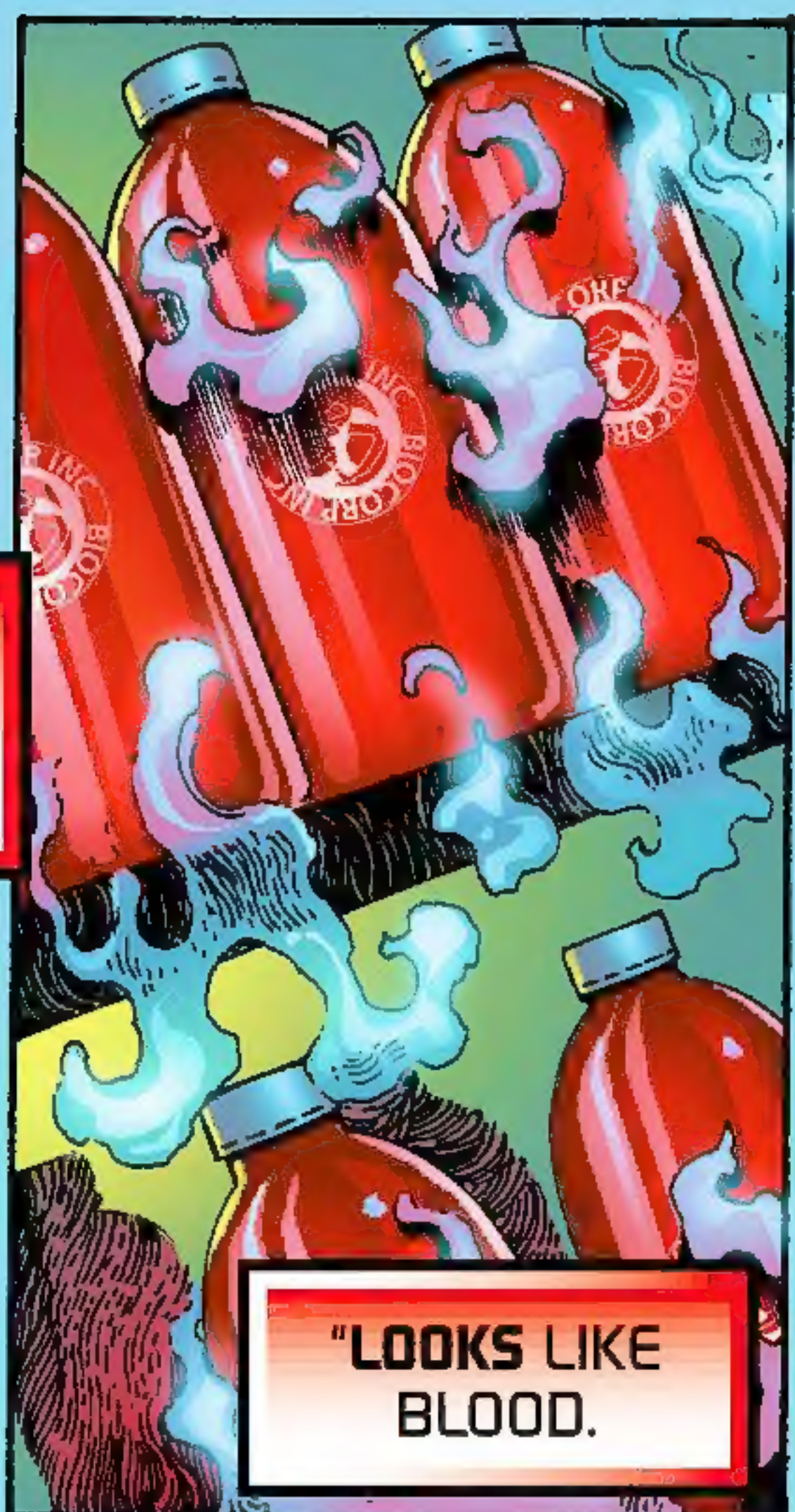


THIS STUFF?

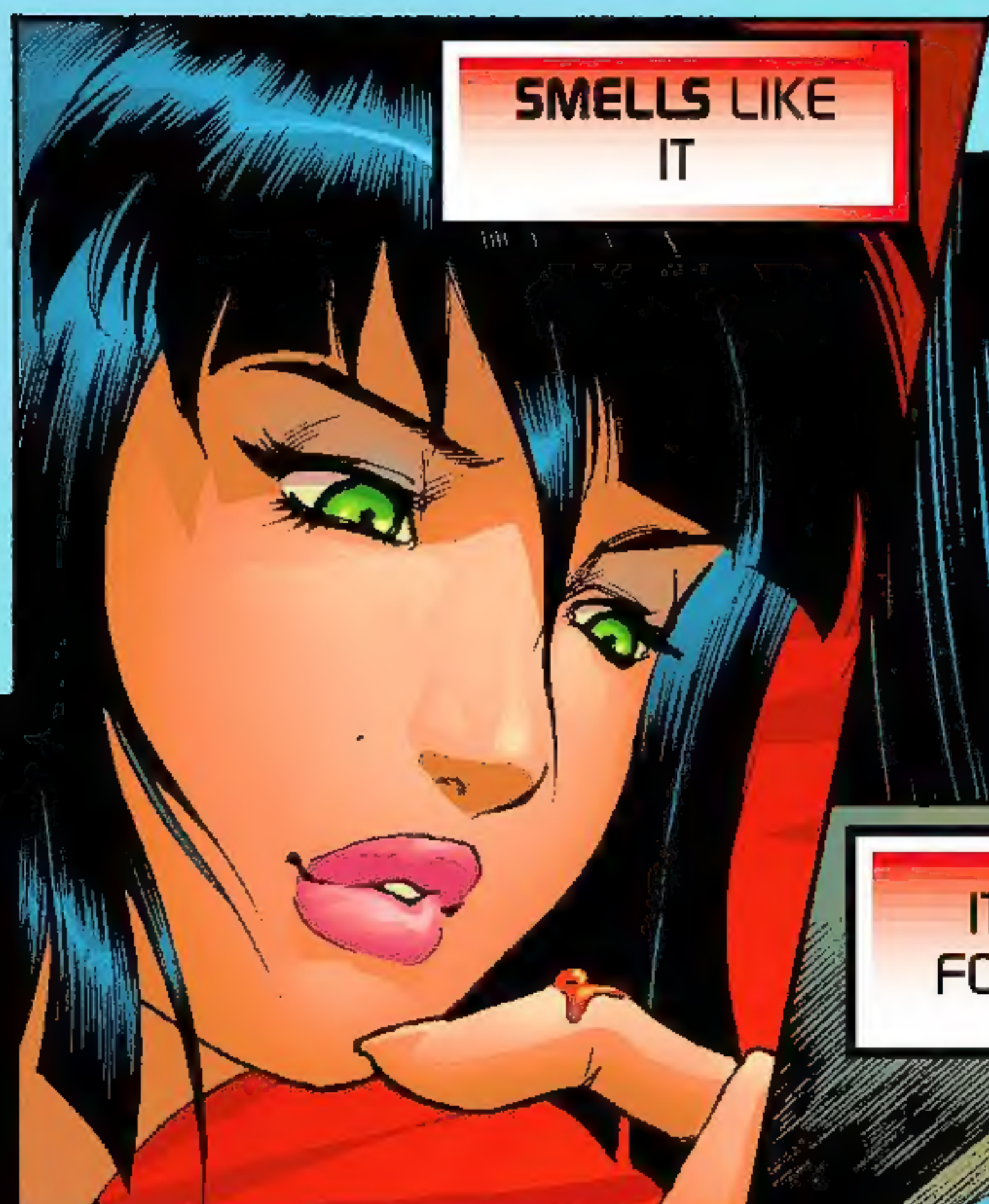


IT'S THE NEXT  
BEST THING,  
REALLY.

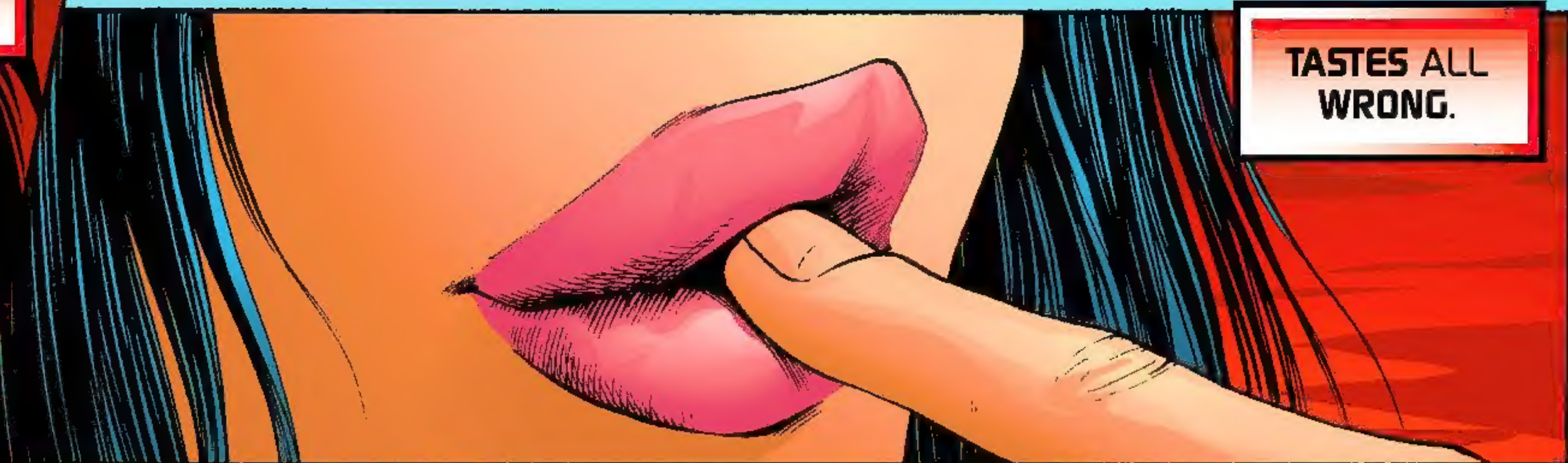
A SYNTHETIC  
BLOOD-SERUM  
SUBSTITUTE.



"LOOKS LIKE  
BLOOD.



SMELLS LIKE  
IT



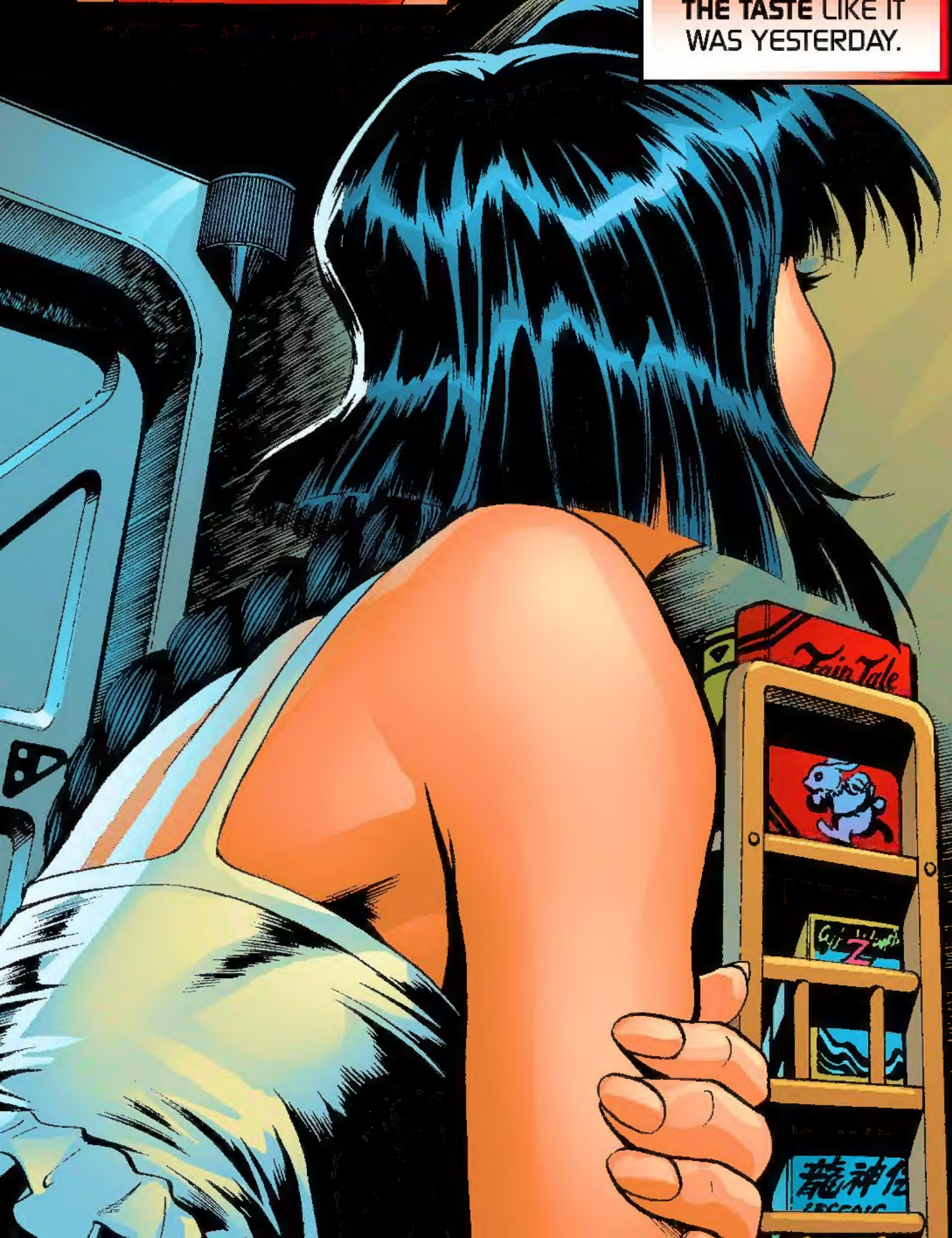
TASTES ALL  
WRONG.

IT'S NO SUBSTITUTE  
FOR THE REAL THING.

I REMEMBER  
THE TASTE LIKE IT  
WAS YESTERDAY.



AND THE  
REASON I  
STOPPED  
DRINKING IT.



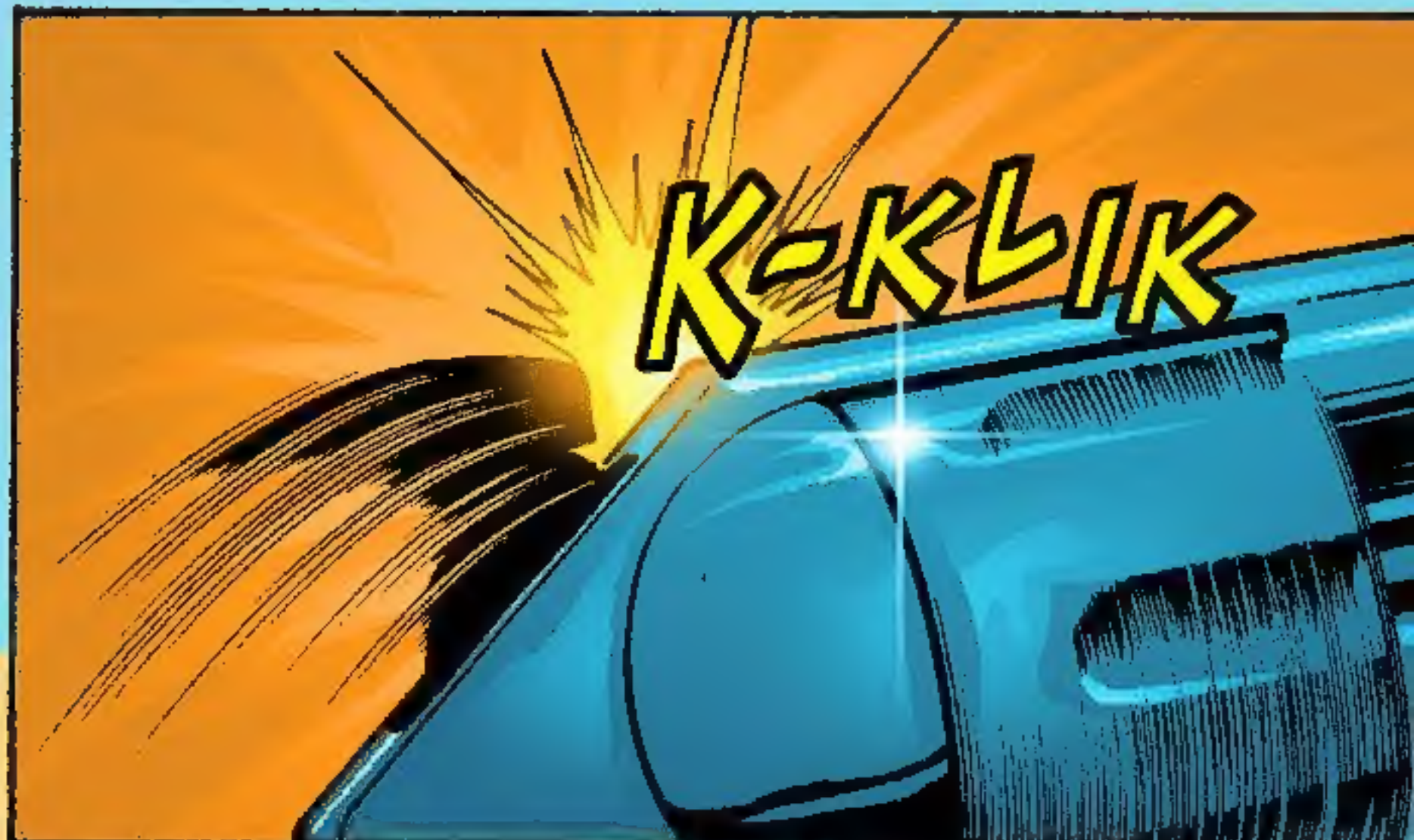
THAT'S THE  
TROUBLE WITH  
MEMORIES.



THE GOOD  
ONES FADE...

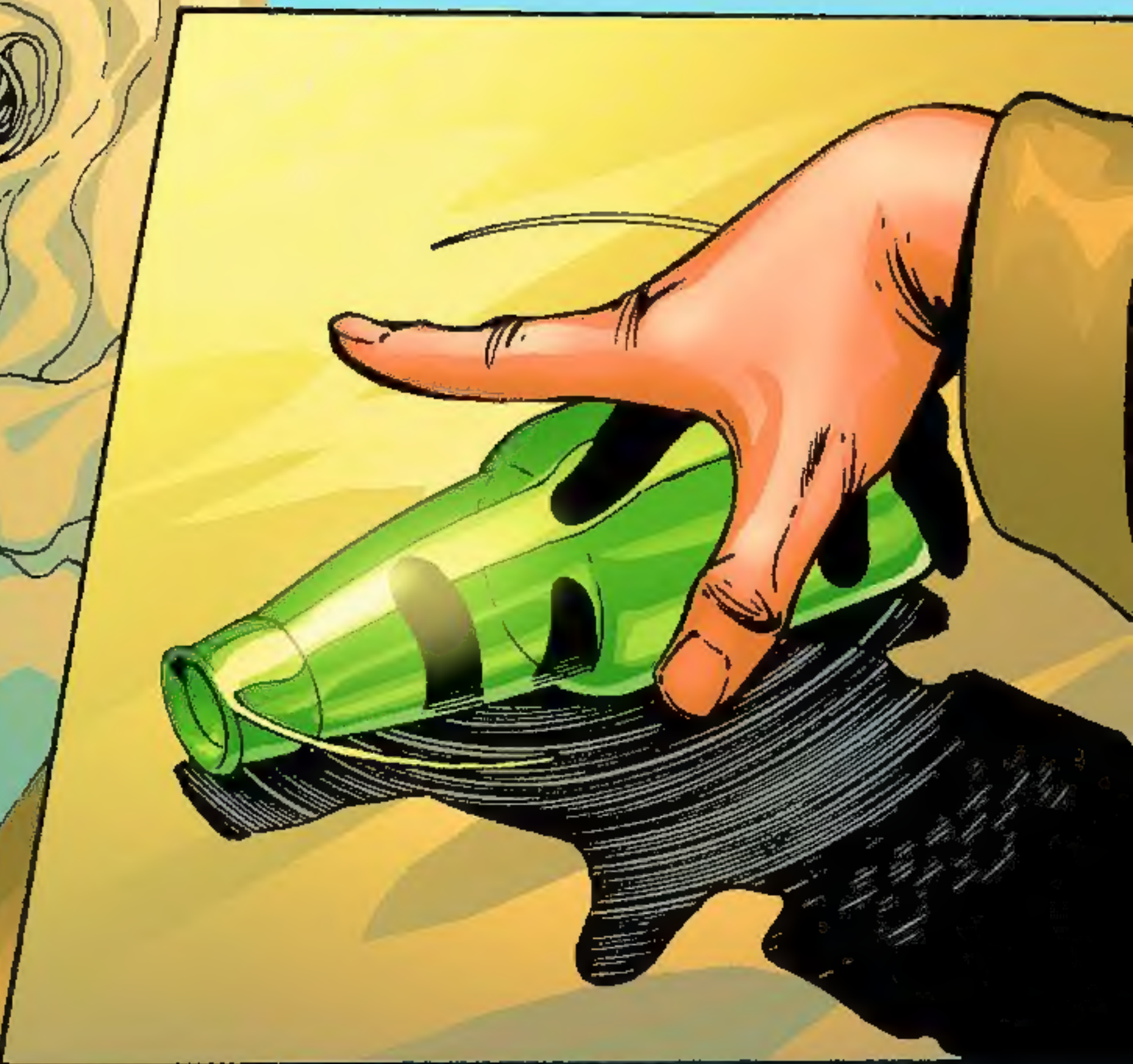


"...THE BAD  
ONES DON'T."



WELL,  
WHADDYA  
KNOW?

I GUESS  
SOMEBODY UP  
THERE LIKES  
ME!



LOOKS  
LIKE THIS  
BUD'S FOR YOU,  
KID.

ARE  
YOU FEELING  
LUCKY?







LUCKY?  
I WAS BORN  
UNDER TWO LUCKY  
STARS!

YEAH...  
WHATEVER.

YOU  
WANTED TOKNOW  
HOW I EARNED THE  
NAME SUICIDE.

I FIGURED  
IT'D BE MORE  
FUN TO SHOW YOU,  
THAN TO TELL  
YOU!



JEEZ,  
VAMPI! ARE  
YOU TOTALLY  
INSANE?!

YOU'VE  
BOTH HAD  
**FIVE** GOES!

CHILL, MIKI!  
DON'T YOU  
THINK I CAN  
COUNT?

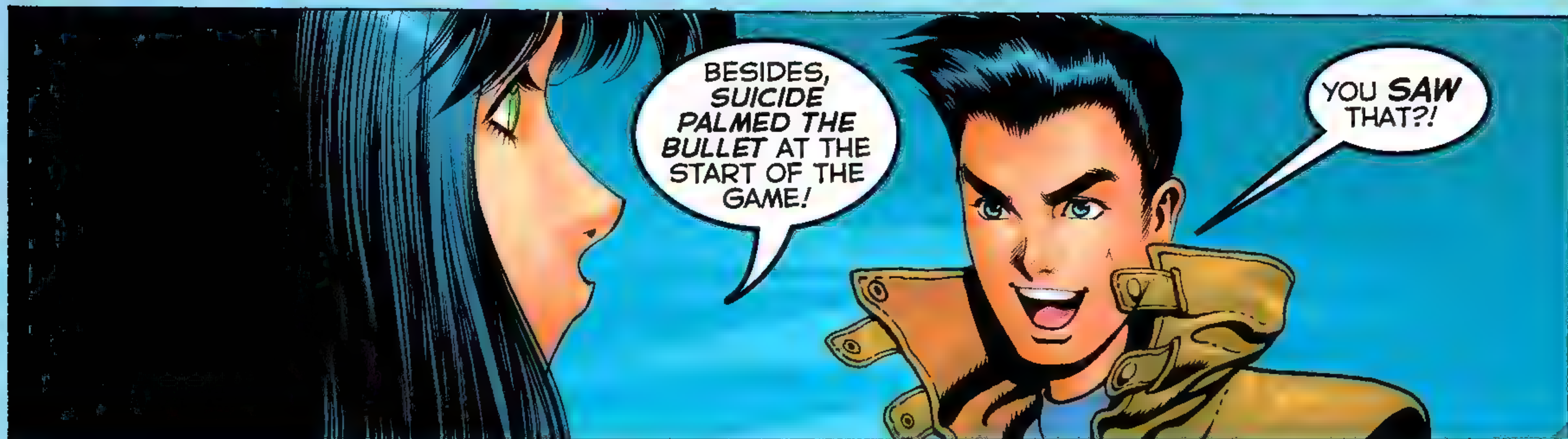


BESIDES,  
SIX REALLY IS  
MY LUCKY  
NUMBER!




VAMPI!  
**DON'T!**










A SOFT POINT SHELL  
WITH A NUMBER TWELVE  
SHOT SUSPENDED IN  
LIQUID TEFLON.



BLOW A HOLE  
IN YOU BIG  
ENOUGH TO DRIVE  
A TRUCK THROUGH.



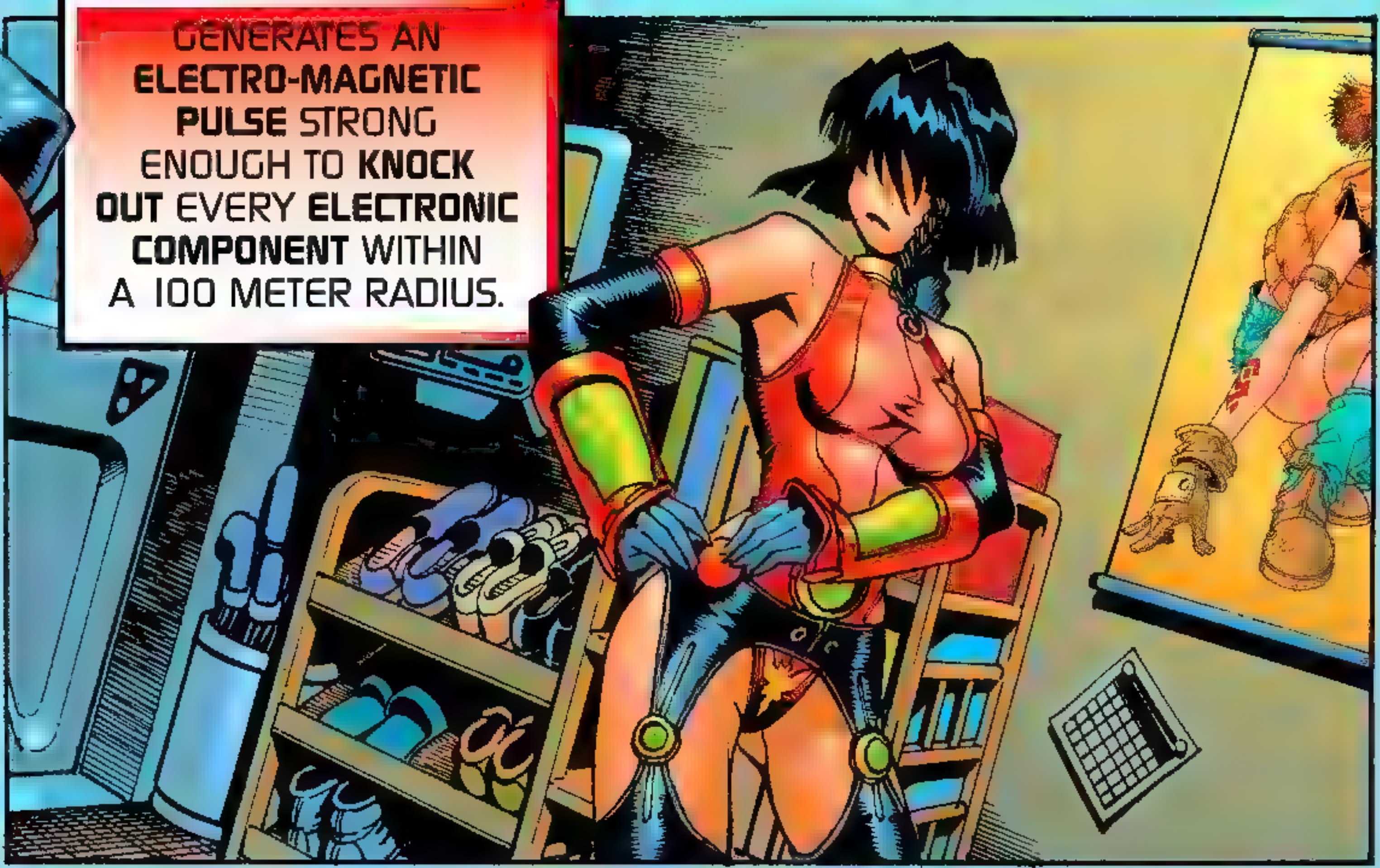
GUARANTEED  
ONE SHOT STOP.



IT'S A SENTIMENTAL  
THING, I GUESS.  
LIKE KEEPING  
SUICIDE'S OLD  
.357 MAGNUM.



SHORT RANGE  
EMP GENERATOR.



GENERATES AN  
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC  
PULSE STRONG  
ENOUGH TO KNOCK  
OUT EVERY ELECTRONIC  
COMPONENT WITHIN  
A 100 METER RADIUS.



I'M NOT TOO  
BIG ON GIMMICKS.



BUT SOMETIMES  
BLADES AND BULLETS  
AREN'T QUITE ENOUGH.





AND I'VE GOT  
THE FEELING THAT  
THIS IS **ONE OF**  
**THOSE TIMES.**"



I SUPPOSE  
SOME PEOPLE  
WOULD CONSIDER ME  
NEEDLESSLY  
CRUEL.

AFTER  
ALL, WHAT COULD  
POOR DR. FAIRCHILD  
EVER HAVE DONE TO  
DESERVE SUCH A  
SAVAGE FATE?

HEY,  
IT'S COOL  
WITH ME,  
SIR.

SOMEONE  
PISSES YOU  
OFF BAD ENOUGH,  
CRUELTY AIN'T NEVER  
NEEDLESS IN MY  
BOOK!

REALLY,  
SHOCKROCK?  
IT'S RATHER  
BRAVE OF YOU  
TO SAY SO.

PARTICULARLY  
SINCE I REGARD  
YOUR INCOMPETENCE  
AS A PERSONAL  
AFFRONT...

HUH?

SIR,  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TONIGHT WAS  
WAY BEYOND OUR  
CONTROL.

WE  
SNATCHED  
FAIRCHILD AND  
THE LADDER. WE  
SWITCHED THE CASES  
TO BRING THE HEAT  
DOWN ON SLICK  
--JUST LIKE  
YOU SAID.

THEN THAT  
GODDAMNED BITCH  
CAME OUTTA  
NOWHERE.

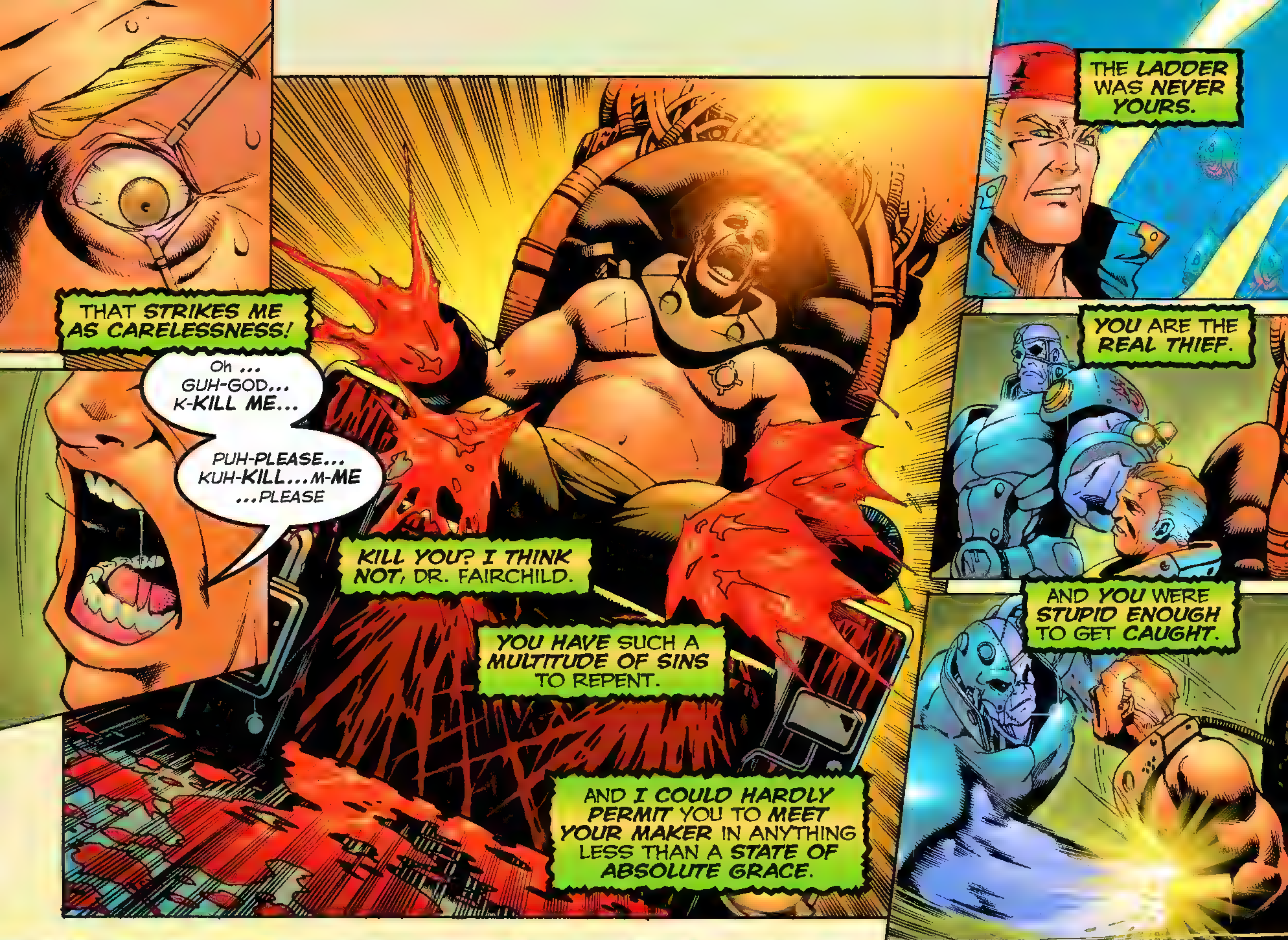
TOOK  
MY OLD ARM  
LIKE CANDY  
FROM A  
BABY.

MY POINT  
EXACTLY.

TO LOSE  
ONE LIMB MAY  
BE CONSIDERED  
UNFORTUNATE...

BUT  
TO LOSE  
TWO?





THAT STRIKES ME  
AS CARELESSNESS!

Oh ...  
GUH-GOD...  
K-KILL ME...

PUH-PLEASE...  
KUH-KILL...M-ME  
...PLEASE

KILL YOU? I THINK  
NOT, DR. FAIRCHILD.

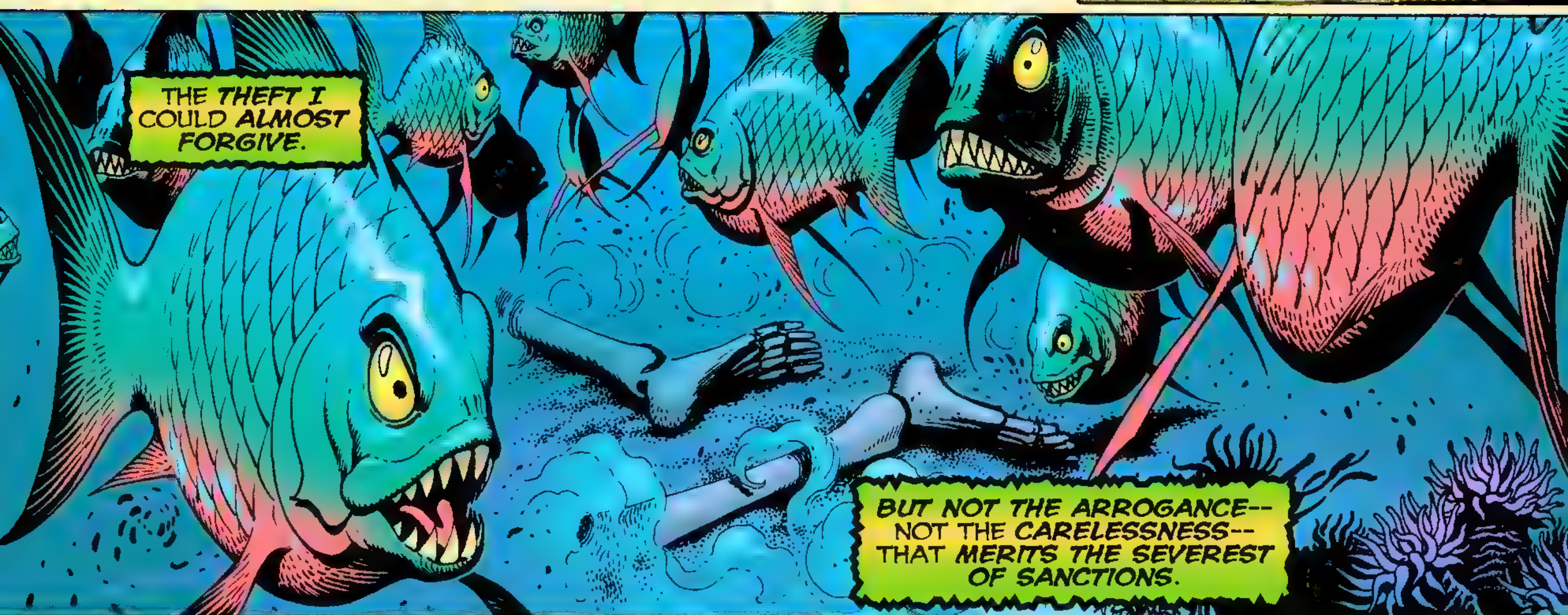
YOU HAVE SUCH A  
MULTITUDE OF SINS  
TO REPENT.

AND I COULD HARDLY  
PERMIT YOU TO MEET  
YOUR MAKER IN ANYTHING  
LESS THAN A STATE OF  
ABSOLUTE GRACE.

THE LADDER  
WAS NEVER  
YOURS.

YOU ARE THE  
REAL THIEF.

AND YOU WERE  
STUPID ENOUGH  
TO GET CAUGHT.



THE THEFT I  
COULD ALMOST  
FORGIVE.

BUT NOT THE ARROGANCE--  
NOT THE CARELESSNESS--  
THAT MERITS THE SEVEREST  
OF SANCTIONS.



YOU SEE,  
UNLIKE YOU,  
FAIRCHILD,  
MY CONSCIENCE  
IS CLEAR.

I'M  
SIMPLY  
RECLAIMING  
MY OWN  
PROPERTY.





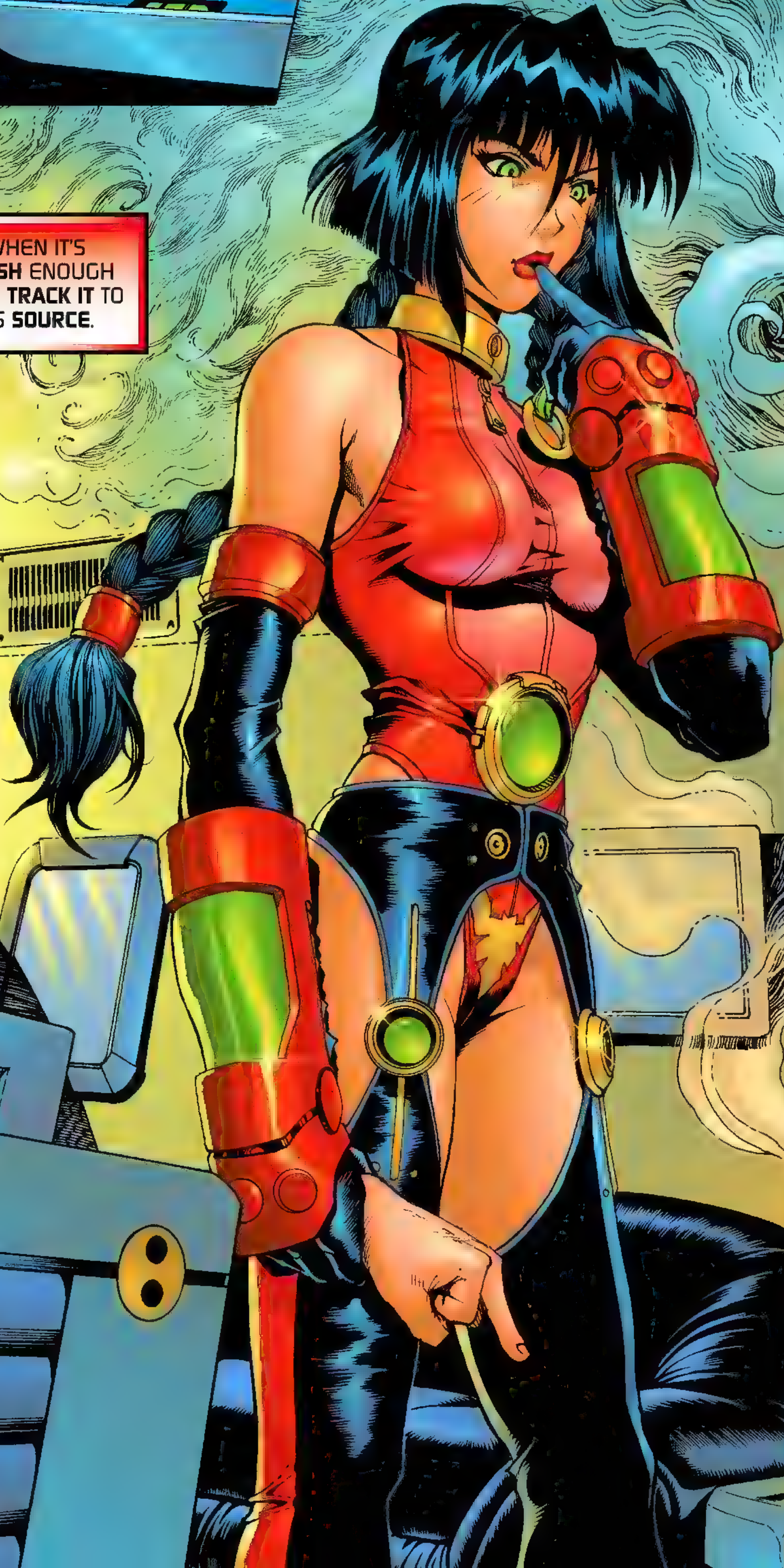
CUTE.

SUBSTITUTING  
FAIRCHILD'S SEVERED  
HAND AND TRACER  
IMPLANT FOR THE LADDER.



CUTE--  
BUT STUPID.

TECH MIGHT THROW  
ME OFF THE SCENT  
--BUT NOT BLOOD.



WHEN IT'S  
FRESH ENOUGH  
I CAN TRACK IT TO  
ITS SOURCE.

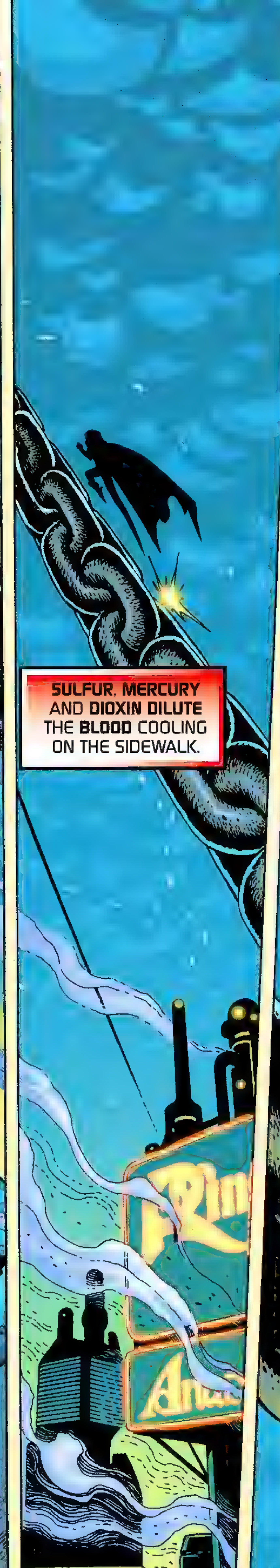




I CAN READ IT  
LIKE A STREET MAP--  
THE A-Z OF HELL.



ACID RAIN  
FALLS IN SOUR,  
GREY SHEETS.



SULFUR, MERCURY  
AND DIOXIN DILUTE  
THE BLOOD COOLING  
ON THE SIDEWALK.



BUT NOTHING  
COULD WASH THESE  
STREETS CLEAN.



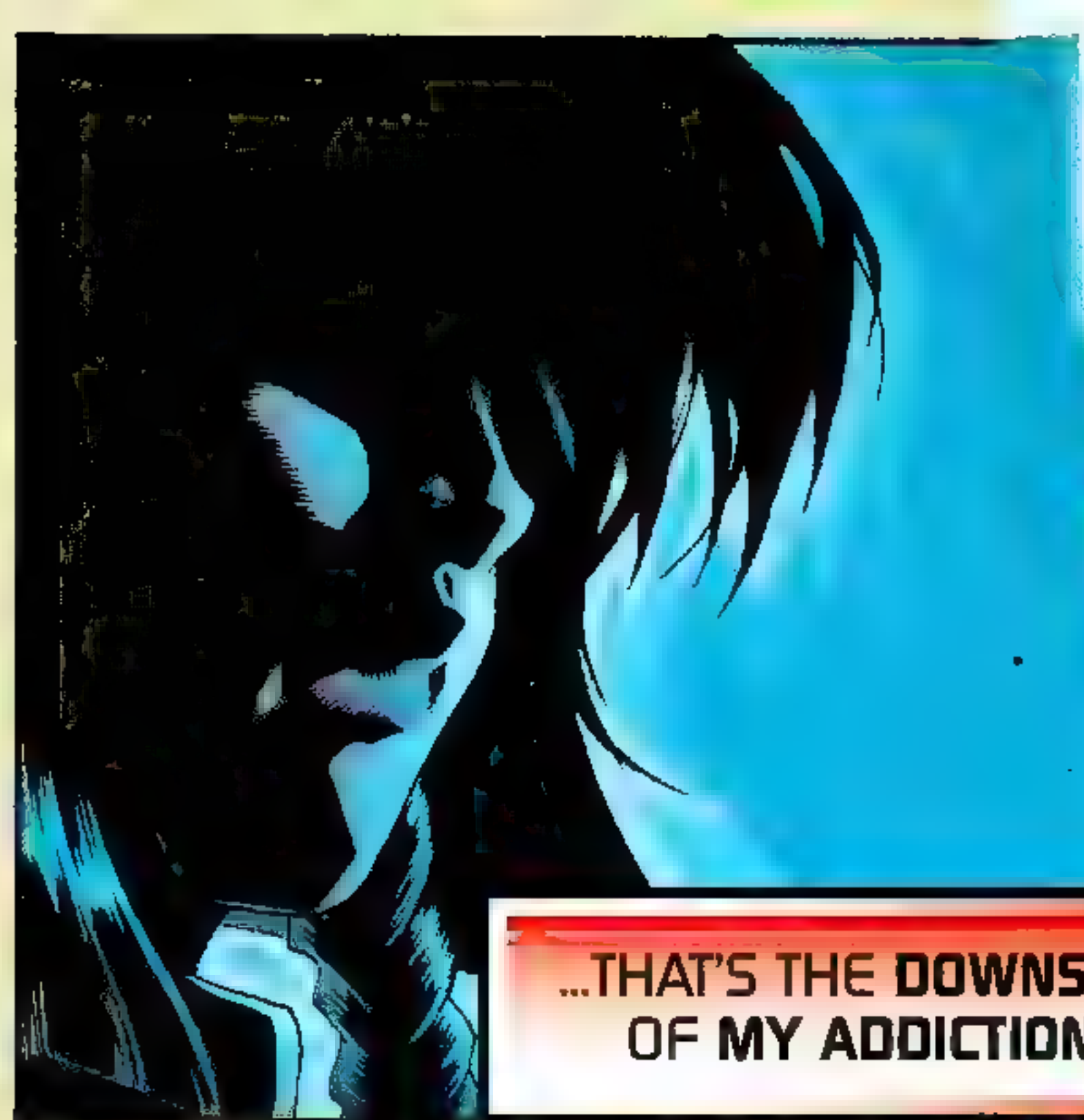


I'VE ALREADY  
LOST TOO  
MUCH TIME.

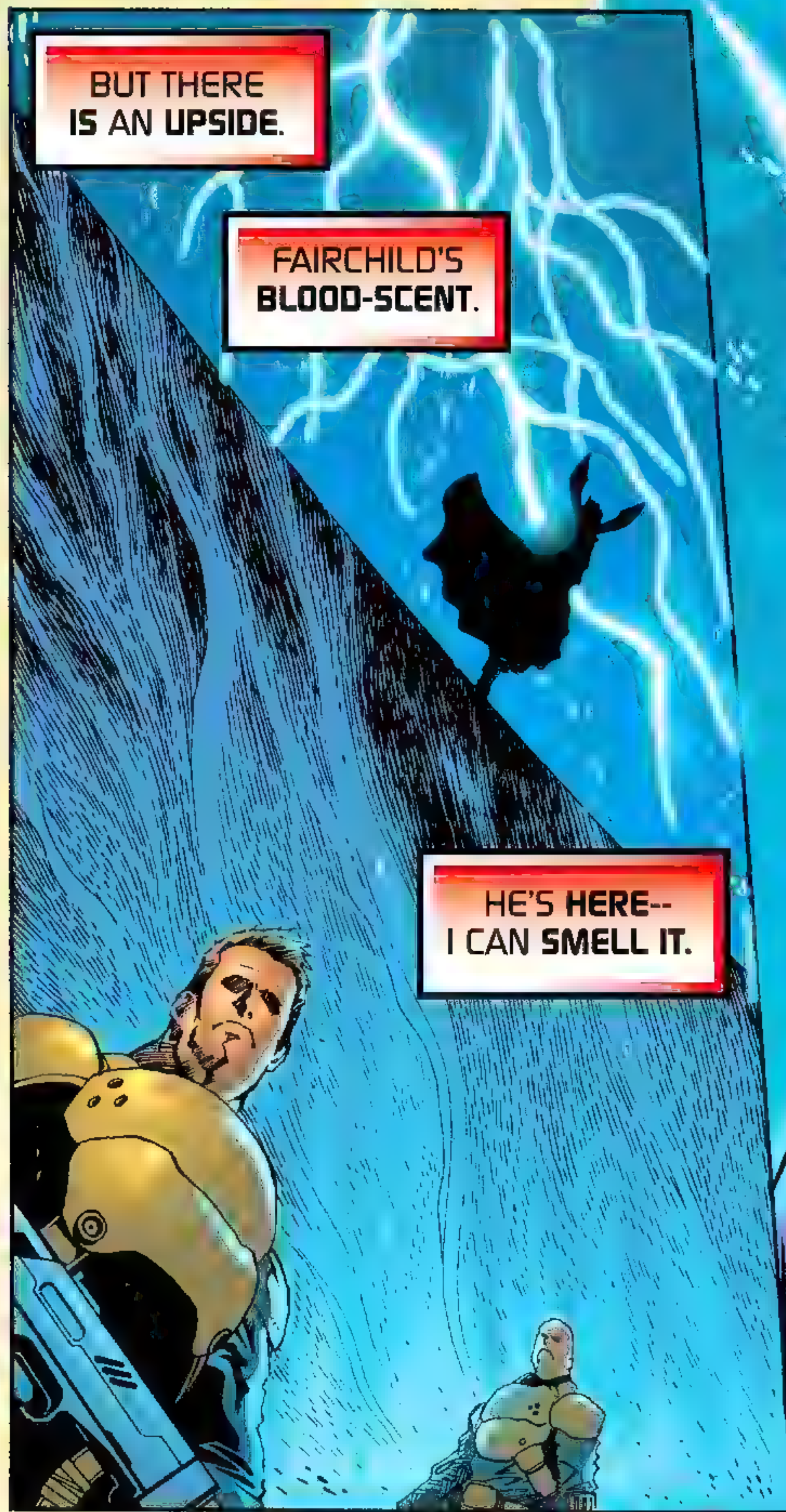
ARCHANGEL'S CREW  
HAD ONE HELL OF A  
HEAD START WHILE  
I HAD TO FEED.

BUT WITHOUT THE  
BLOOD-SERUM ONCE  
EVERY TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS, I'M USELESS...





...THAT'S THE DOWNSIDE  
OF MY ADDICTION.



BUT THERE  
IS AN UPSIDE.

FAIRCHILD'S  
BLOOD-SCENT.

HE'S HERE--  
I CAN SMELL IT.



--AND SOMETHING  
ELSE...



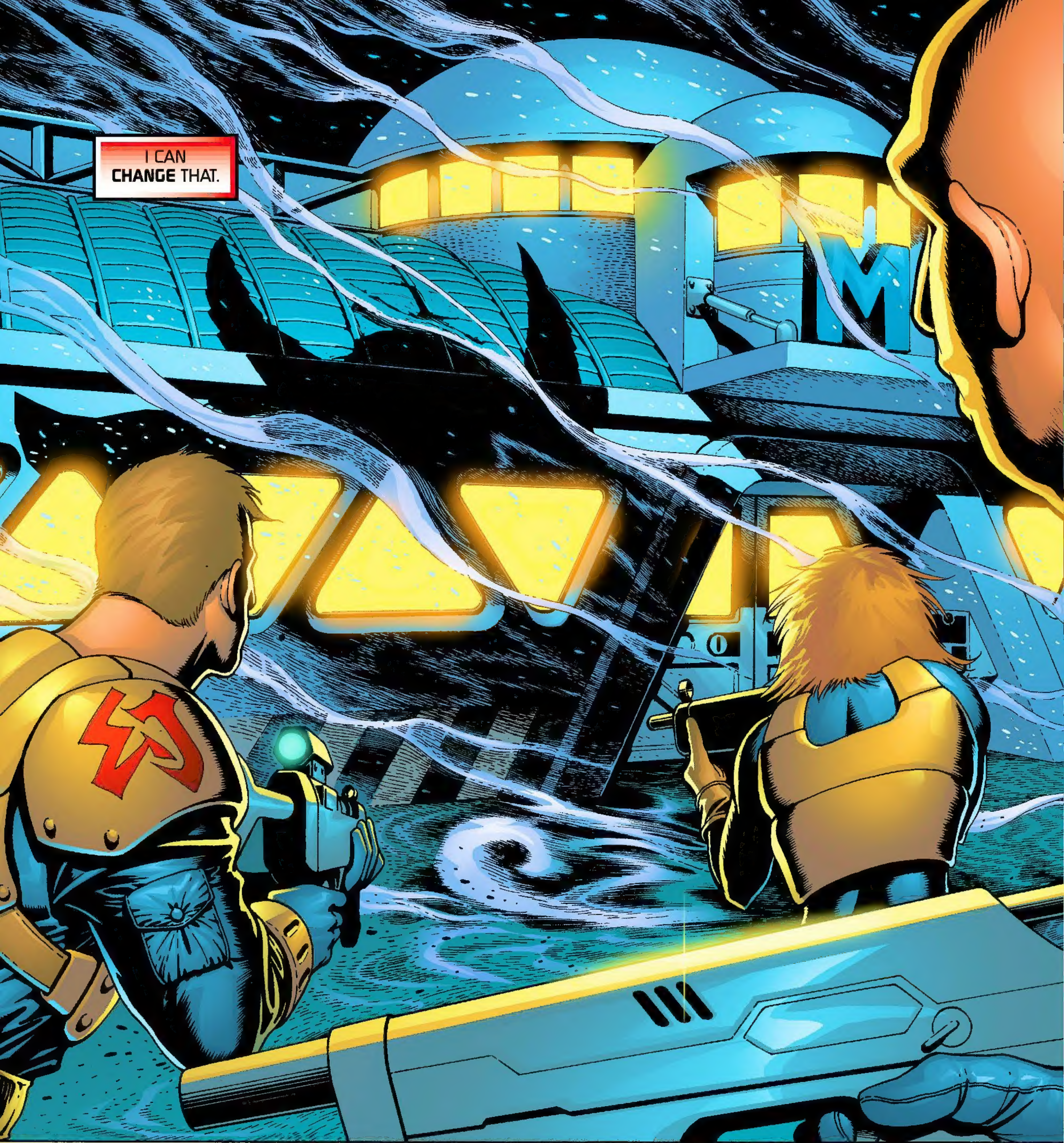
...THEIR  
FEAR.

THEY'RE AFRAID  
OF ME.



--BUT THEY'RE  
MORE AFRAID  
OF ARCHANGEL.









-THE STRONGER  
IT BECOMES.



AND--JUST LIKE AN  
ADDICTION--FEAR THRIVES  
ON CONFUSION.



AND CONTRADICTION.




BUT HERE'S THE  
REAL MINDSCREW--



THE LADDER HOLDS  
THE KEY TO A CURE.



A CURE FOR  
MY ADDICTION--  
MY INSATIABLE  
THIRST FOR BLOOD.



BUT THE ONLY  
SURE WAY TO  
RETRIEVE IT--



-IS TO SPILL MORE  
BLOOD THAN I COULD  
EVER DRINK!







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE